UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1182.

Original Poetry.

LINES TO ——.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD. J. PORTER.

Bright dreams of the past o'er the lute-strings are sweeping,
Awakening sweet fancies, that else would lie sleeping;
They steal o'er the senses, and pleasure distils,
Each sweetest of dew-drops her bright cup that fills.
Sweet forms are around me, whose gentle brows wear
All the soft light of heaven that mortals may share,—
And glances are flashing, their bright tresses through,
From eyes of the wildest, the loveliest hue,
The softest of blue, or the brightest of jet—
Whose rays but once seen we can never forget;—
And tones as of air-harps, while graceful they move,
Are floating in richness, around and above —
Yet while all their myriad beauties still shine,
The form that I gaze on delighted is thine.

There's a fount in the heart, whose still wavelets but flow,
When the charmed glance lights its recesses below,
Like the song-wreath o'er Memnon's sweet spirit-lute flung,
When the sunbeam awakened each chord into song—
Like the sweets that lie sealed in the heart of the flower,
Till the spirits of perfume asserts all her power,
Letting loose the sweet captive that pines for the sigh
Of the zephyrs that wander delightedly by—
Like the feelings that sleep in the soul of the dove,
Till wakened by thoughts of the home of its love—
Thus, thus, the soft spells of thy gentleness twine
O'er the spirit-wave, waking the gushings of mine.

Original Tales.

FRANK HAMILTON.

A Domestic Tale.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit."—*Shak.*

CHAPTER IV.

The next few months passed along calmly …

me what it is, Mr. Hamilton. I can bear this suspense no longer."

Afraid to venture, yet feeling the necessity of informing her, in some degree, of what had occurred, as they were now very nearly home, he told her in as gentle, cautious a manner as possible, of her uncle's accident.

"Oh! my dear, dear, uncle!" she cried, endeavoring in vain to struggle against the sobs and tears that choked her voice. "Let us hasten to him!" and she hurried her steps while she exclaimed. "Why, why, was I absent!"

There was no reply, but the weeping girl felt her arm closely pressed to the side of her companion.

A few more anxious moments and they reached the house. As Frank pulled the bell, Fanny laid her trembling hand upon his arm and in a low voice said, "Tell me, Francis, can he recover?"

"I fear he never can," was the mournful reply.

The door opened, but it was to admit Frank holding the senseless form of Fanny in his arms. "Inform Mrs. Clifton," he said to the servant in an agitated voice, "that I have come, and say I beg to see her immediately." He bore the insensible girl to a sofa, and knelt by her side. He did not release her from his arms, but with his head bent, gazed silently upon her. A few moments passed, and then a step was heard, and when Mrs. Clifton entered the room Frank was standing with folded arms by her daughter's side.

In the arms of her mother Fanny was restored to life, and on her sympathizing bosom she shed the first bitter tears that sorrow had wrung from her young heart.

No eye was closed in sleep that melancholy night. All knew he must die. Yet he was far too well beloved for any to think of aught save the affliction hanging over them. Frank watched by the bed of his best friend, unceasingly, and did not leave until the final scene had closed late on the following day.

We must not pause to dwell upon the painful scenes attending this event. Few could …

… give me a legal title to succor your mother and yourself? Or must I not urge it?"

"You must urge it!" was the simple reply.

They had reached the house. Fanny ascended the steps in silence, a faint good morning, a fainter reply, and they parted.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

From the Magazines.

A CAREFULLY PREPARED NEWSPAPER, containing all current intelligence of interest or importance, but carefully avoiding such details of crime as serve only to familiarize readers with it, to no possible good purpose.

AGRICULTURAL MATTER
will occupy a portion of the columns, and our Farmer readers will be treated to such articles as are continually presenting themselves to the attention of the agriculturalist in these days of improvement. If the

PENS OF ABLE WRITERS
engaged expressly for this journal, and the results of long experience in catering for the public taste can continue the present prosperity of the Post (and more the publishers cannot desire) its course will still be onward.

FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS
were this winter distributed in Prizes for original matter—Four Hundred having been awarded for Prize Stories, and One Hundred and Seventy-Five for Prize Poems.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
will be mainly under the control of H. HASTINGS WELD, a gentleman of long experience in the business, assisted by several writers of acknowledged ability and popular talent.

Old friends, and new will accept our thanks for past favors, and may be gratified to hear that the success of the paper never exceeded that which it is at present enjoying.

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PREVOST'S PERIODICAL DEPOT.—NEW and cheap Books of all descriptions constantly on hand, at F. Prevost's Periodical Depot, N. W. corner of 3d …

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR APRIL.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

Or Seeking a Place.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "PRIZE STORIES," ETC.

"God help you, my poor child," said Mr. Franklin kindly to Grace Winthrop; "an orphan with your bread to seek. Yours is a sorrowful fate. 'Tis a cold hard world for the young and friendless to struggle with, and would …

… city to that in which Mrs. Gore resided, and the distance therefore precluded her returning there to retrace her steps within the appointed time, and to expend the little of her remaining strength in wandering up and down the streets during the interval occupied by Mrs. Gore in counting silver, ordering dinner, scolding servants, was the only alternative left her.

Weary and faint, Grace Winthrop once more presented herself at Mrs. Gore's door, and this time not in vain. She was ushered in the parlor, where she found the mistress of the mansion, who advanced to meet her as she said,

"You are the young woman who called this morning, I suppose? Sit down."

Grace trembled a little, and her voice faltered as she answered the questions put her by Mrs. Gore, who fixed her cold gray eyes with the most scrutinizing expression and unwinking gaze upon the poor girl's face, as if she would read every lineament in the expectation of finding falsehood and imposition in some feature or look.

"You are an orphan, you say?" she asked, in a suspicious tone, as if dubious of the fact. "How long since you lost your parents?"

"My father some months ago; my mother," she added, drawing a long quick breath, "not two months since."

Mrs. Gore proceeded, in the same tone of unfeeling curiosity, to inquire into our heroine's present situation and past history, what had been her father's means, and how her mother had been maintained, interspersed with remarks as to their improvidence in leaving their child so unprovided for.

"You have no friends, then, but these Franklins, in whose house you happened to board?"

"None in this city, madam; but I am permitted to refer to the Rev. Mr. C., of P., who has known me from childhood, and to Madam B., by whom I was educated, for testimonials as to the requisite qualification for the situation I propose to fill."

"Mr. C., of P.! I do not know him—never heard of him," replied Mrs. Gore, seeming rather to doubt the existence of such an individual. "You were educated at Mrs. B.'s. You speak French, of course, and understand the piano?"

"Yes, madam," replied Grace, modestly but firmly.

"German and the harp, also?"

"Neither," answered Grace.

"Neither!" repeated Mrs. Gore, in an accent of surprise, and distending her cold gray eyes, as if ears alone could hardly take in so monstrous an assertion. "Neither? German is now so generally studied that it has become almost an indispensable part of a liberal education, and if my daughters were to study but one language, I should select the German, not only for its rich stories of literature (Mrs. Gore did not herself understand a word of the language, and seldom read in any,) but also as a discipline for the mind. I consider its study essential," and, mounting her stilts, the lady talked a little unintelligible nonsense, calculated to impress Grace with a deep sense of her own deficiency in the requisites for imparting the liberal and enlarged course of education expected …

Trembling with agitation and fear, she now presented herself at Mrs. Livingston's door, and, almost to her relief, was told she was "not at home."

"At what hour shall I find her?"

"Indeed, I don't know," replied the man carelessly, who saw at a glance that Grace was a lady; "I am after dinner as my time is mine as any. They dine at five, about seven, say."

At seven, then, I will return," said, drawing a long breath, as if relieved for the present from what she felt some repugnance in executing. Grace turned her footsteps once more to Mrs. Franklin's.

Seven o'clock found Grace again at Mrs. Livingston's door. The lady was at home, but in a moment more she was ushered in her presence. This time, however, she was alone, and her quick and inquiring eyes noted, in the decorate and high-bred mistress of the mansion, whose cold but beautiful features seemed to clouded and untouched by any sentiment more profound than that inspired by the manner or canary whose united notes filled the apartment with a clear flood of melody, mingled with that her own voice.

"Can you dress hair?" she continued, not raising her eyes to Grace, who, startled and surprised at the question, summoned as she answered—

"No, madam, I do not think I am very skilful in that respect."

"That is unfortunate. Do you understand plaiting and flatting, and such like to your parents's reside?"

Grace had found some difficulty in entering into her family history with Mrs. Gore, who, however, had extracted the whole by dint of questioning, and she found it scarcely less painful to recapitulate the past to the careless and half listening lady she now addressed her.

"An orphan, without friends," said the gentleman, raising his eyebrows, and lowering his voice, as he put up his hand to his mouth to screen the sound from Grace's ear, he added, "a queer story. Have nothing to do with her. I do not like her looks."

At these words, Mrs. Livingston raised her eyeglass, and, for the first time, gave a full and deliberate look at the poor girl, who partly turned away her face to conceal the tears that fast streaming down her cheeks, while the servant girl, who entered just then, did not scruple to follow the example of her superiors in giving Grace a stare, in which, however, cool-nature seemed struggling with curiosity, but the man, who had caught the whisper of his master, backed back from the door with a grin that seemed to convey an intimation her quite so benevolent.

"You'll not see me," was the calm and cold result of Mrs. Livingston's investigation, and Grace heard the words with a sensation almost of insult and degradation she had never dreamed of before.

A passionate fit of weeping relieved her over-charged heart, as she retraced her steps to Mr. Franklin's house, where the warm and cordial sympathy of Mrs. Franklin but kind words more encouraged and soothed her.

Hope cometh with the morning," and Grace rose on the morrow with renewed strength and resolution. One place yet remained untried. Mrs. Cunningham, she recollected, would prove very different from either of the ladies to whom she had already called. Grace was this time more fortunate than she had been in either of her previous visits, for she found the lady at home and ready to receive her; she was admitted, therefore, at once, and, to her great relief, unaccompanied by a group of children. She rose as our heroine entered, and, advancing to meet Grace kindly, invited her to be seated.

"Now, Johnny, darling," she said, turning to a little fellow some four years old, "don't play from for a few minutes, while mamma is talking to Miss Winthrop."

Johnny stopped for a moment, as he stood staring with his round eyes at Grace, and then began rub-a-dub-dub.

"He is so delighted with his birth-day present," continued the mother, gazing with delight at her boy. "Come here, Johnny, and show your dream as this lady," but Johnny never budged, and the rub-a-dub continued without pause or mercy.

He is our only boy, Miss Winthrop," continued Mrs. Cunningham; "I have six girls, but this is my only son. Now, Johnny, do leave Charlotte," and she called little girl after little girl, whose plainer faces, and pug-tails, and black silk aprons, seemed all cut out of the same pattern, only varying from each other an inch or so in height.

After a little conversation as to acquirements and references, Mrs. Cunningham said,

"I should wish to impress upon you, my dear Miss Winthrop, the importance of studying the different minds of your young pupils. It is not so much to extend lessons that I look for their improvement, as to that instruction which is imparted in familiar conversation. Which causes without fatiguing the physical mind; and above all, I would not have them bowed toward the last. You will find Charlotte very precocious, fall of ambition and vivacity; Emma, languid, limited and retiring, and requires encouragement and application. Mary is a child of very peculiar cast of mind, and I think it better always to yield to the prevailing train of thought and feeling which governs for the time the moment; and for her," but what was Helen's peculiarity we forget, but sensitive and fastidious face evidenced, and so Grace found that the Misses Cunningham were all very accurately read in character, though how they found that fact out so correctly would have puzzled her considerably to discover, but then there was kindness in the mother's tones, and love ever in her fully, and although she might be and probably would ornate Grace's strength and necessity by her judgment, the terms being much nearer those Grace had named to herself than the sum offered her by Mrs. Gore, she gladly closed with the offer.

"We will leave the rest to her, however, in a few days for the summer," said Mrs. Cunningham, "and I shall not be able to remain in town for two months. By the middle of September I shall expect to see you."

The scene that disappointed Grace, as she could not bear intruding longer on the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, they would not hear a word to the contrary.

"Dear, dear Grace," said little Helen, put-ting her arms around her neck, "how sorry I shall be when you go away! And then I must give up my music too, for papa says he cannot afford to give me a teacher."

"Dear child," said Grace, kissing her affectionately, "I do not mean to let you give up your music. I expressly arranged with Mrs. Cunningham that I am to have every Saturday afternoon to give you your lesson."

"What an exquisite voice!" said a young gentleman who happened to be purchasing some books in the front store. "Such power and such finished execution, combined, the music and the still enchantress."

Mr. Gilmore is taking her lesson," replied the good man, and still thinking of her little protégée, with "Away with Melancholy," which he looked upon as a stronger proof than usual.

Whether by design or accident, Mr. Harrison was purchasing some trifle in the store at about the same hour he was accustomed to be dressing with delight to the same melody that had so rejoiced him the night before.

You seem very fond of music, Mr. Harrison," said Mr. Franklin, "and you must call and take to step into the book room and hear my little girl play."

"I should indeed, sir," replied the young man eagerly, delighted at an opportunity of seeing the object of his nightly admiration, "Away with Melancholy!" was to be the greater if he had been surprised in hearing such dance in such a quarter, how was that surprise increased when Mr. Franklin quietly led the unconscious gentleman and elsewhere, and, opening the door with a key, disclosed Grace, sitting at the piano, and, with instruments.

To appear charmed with the child's music was a matter of course, nor was he satisfied until he had heard "Away with Melancholy" three times, when the little girl declared that now it was "Miss Winthrop's turn to sing," for which Mr. Harrison ventured to second her petition, and Mr. Franklin, whose gratified vanity would not suffer him to let the young stranger go without hearing more, immediately seconded the request, and Grace to quit the piano, and that too before pressed with a rapidity scarce any of the party were aware of.

The interest Mr. Harrison henceforth took in little Helen's music was quite surprising, and Mr. Franklin, with all the simplicity in the world, gave him free access to that little back parlor, which was now becoming the pleasant theme of the most pleasant romance ever woven by youth, beauty, and music.

Independent in fortune, enthusiastic in temperament, Mr. Harrison had only to consult his own heart and Grace's eyes to lead him to a decision, and ere the middle of September had come round the blushing and happy Grace had made engagements which prevented her from fulfilling that already formed with Mrs. Cunningham, who was a little inclined to murmur and think Grace "selfish" in preferring her own happiness to her convenience.

Established in her own house, a loved and loving wife, courted by the gay, and flattered by the prosperous, Grace ever remembered and treated her early friends with the gratitude and affection of a true heart, and above all, never forgot to receive with kindness and sympathy those whose sad lot it was to be "seeking a place."

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 22, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, seven copies of the United States Saturday Post, and eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, fourteen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, two copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Subscriber," Cincinnati. O. We'll do second favor cause to hand. Both will receive an early insertion and if agreeable to the communication indicated above.

* We have our correspondent who is bound to be wise among men, if an inspiring mind, aided by an active pen, can furnish information from the seat of power and the editors of the Post, in particular. We proceed, then, to the selection of such of his letters as we are capable of doing. 1st. The gentleman is one whose sympathies and feelings are with the people, and who ready acts of kindness encouraged as well with his character, as his pen corresponds with the Post. At last advices he was in the city of Washington, and enjoyed also his mental happiness and contentment—the means enough to make him comfortable. 2d. Having been favored with such a mass of him, as might be divided longitudinally and latitudinally, and yet furnish matter for a month's reading, including letters, memoranda, notes, &c. to all the Statesmen of so many of the great of the earth will retain her for their parent. But let her go on to the press to those great masters as an instrument to her onward career, glorying in her respectable birthright, yet ever with a modesty and humility of mien, recollecting that of her it shall never be said —her glory is departed!

Selected Articles.

LIFE'S ERRORS.

What if, in that sublimer state,
To which our souls shall soar attain,
The things of earth, and time, and fate,
Shall pass before our eyes again,
Shall we review our life's short way,
In waste and wretchedness misspent,
And by heaven's purer seen survey
What we did to heaven's high intent?

Oh, what a wonderous change will pass
Over all that here has puzzled us most!
Darkly we see, as through a glass,
Then face to face, as spirits do boast.
The nothingness of all that we prize,
The falsehood of the love we mingle,
The priceless truth of words despised,
The worth of all we valued not!

Forbearance, oh how dear, how precious!
That this, our earthly path of tears,
Is therefore a scene of trial,
As to the monster's eyes appeared
When chaos light around us kindled,
Our eyes shall read their course below,
A drowsy line of long darkness,
Ancored by many a wondrous sea

Our youth now passed in mere sense-life,
In heralding the wreath of heart,
Our manhood's day with dissipation,
Or watching all those dreams depart,
What was dearest to us of all,
Except in useless grief to rue
The errors of departed days.

Oh, what a change will then appear,
When we review our life's short way,
Which now is but a passing breath!
Our wretchedness misspent,
Our wonderous change will pass
Over all that here has puzzled us most!
Darkly we see, as through a glass,
Then face to face, as spirits do boast.
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What was dearest to us of all,
Except in useless grief to rue
The errors of departed days.

Oh, what a change will then appear,
When we review our life's short way,
Which now is but a passing breath!
Our wretchedness misspent,

—the very hand now pressed for,
Has lain in cold earth, and been to glean.
Or dropped a full-grown at Homer's bar,
Or dashed its own to let Queen Dido pass!

No—not a single word of it. Young ass is better than a dead lion, and the bodies that time has spared, cook the Arab's supper. He is only a feeble tyranny of Pharaoh's, and wears out all their bossed birthright in their external tombs, for a mess of pottage.

But I am digressing from these interesting matters of gossip relative to the Queen of England, and her spouse, and other subjects, such as an Egyptian Mummy, which, as it is only right, Americans can find rational amusement in reading them, and American ladies in patronizing, and that kind fear of the lady who occupies one of the highest positions in the world. Indeed we sometimes think that Victoria, as a woman, possesses some of the characteristics sympathy of her own sex in this country than in her own realms. It is perfectly natural, and consistent with the generous and kindness of our countrywomen that the fact is so.

The readers of miscellany will notice that we have made a very with both hands on the Magazines, and give them this week a good story both from Graham and from Godey. Each is by a woman, and we are very judge of human nature, as developed in its expression of thought, and of ladies' fingers, as betrayed in the MS., the original—"Frank Hamilton," is by a lady too. It is an excellent tale. The conclusion will appear in the next number of the paper.

The Legislative and Congressional reports this week are unusually interesting. the readers of little importance to the public at large, in many readers dry portions of the paper, cost more labor in preparation, than almost any other. Before the close session of amendments, rejections, motions, reconsiderations, and various other technical troubles of legislation, the reader will get an hour's study, a two line item, is a task of the editor of a weekly paper which seems the least remunerative of any in the whole list. It is a natural vanity of human nature to like to see labor show something in its results, and we are always pleased to receive from a subscriber that even editors have their weaknesses.

There is one important subject which at this present writing has not yet been adequately before the public: though rumor has asserted certain things which have every appearance of truth, in relation to it. As stated here, as many directions that a treaty for the annexation of Texas has been communicated, in all but the approval of the Senate, that they found a seem little ground to doubt the statement. Indeed the Madisonian, which paper is generally regarded as the official, has a paragraph which must be considered corroborative in part, at least of the rumors of which we much has been said. Further notice of this matter will be found in another place.

CANALS AND BUSINESS.

The water has been let into the State canals, and they will do a most profitable business, undoubtedly at the opening of the season. The principal business marts and streets of our city are all alive with bustle and activity: and our mechanics and manufacturers and laborers are beginning to have a return of better times. There are very many buildings in progress in almost every part of the city and county, and altogether the prospect appears most encouraging.

FOREIGN DETRACTION.

Foreign tourists, and particularly English travellers, are exceedingly fond of abusing this country, in good set terms; or at least of exposing element from the popular political features here, dislike for the popular institutions, and disrelish of the final issue of the great political experiment of the independent system. That some of this arises from honest conviction there is no doubt—and that some of it must be from mere ignorance, or else set up a claim to a political infallibility which can hardly be supported, and to a national prefection which cannot be attained. Much also of the foreign dislike of republicanism arises from the prejudices of early education in an atmosphere which may be called a purely judgment, without affecting his honesty of purpose. Concerning wholesale and manifestly premeditated abuse, we seek no palliative circumstances, and find none.

On the other hand Americans, as a people, are a great deal too ridiculously sensitive about what this penny-a-liner or the other may write and publish respecting our country. One would think that the bare existence of such a class of these scribblers a point too self-evident to need illustration; but there are some very good, even established their reputation abroad, who are not generally known, or if known, are not considered. The first of these is the fact that these stupid and not to be asked Bristol Rogers, by a less number of persons than read the republication on a single city in the United States, in one single week. Another is the fact that Blackwood, by its republication in this country are increased, we have no doubt, a hundred fold.

With such facts before us, the writers of literary and political abuse of this country, cannot make their articles too high spiced But, as to any effect which they produce on the popular mind in this land, they might as like other elaborate Tory efforts, almost perfectly noiseless. They are read by few, and hardly find a favorable reception. If they are reprinted in this country, and read far and wide, before their publication is heard of in England except among those who know the names of so many of the great of the earth will retain her for their parent. But let her go on to the press to those great masters as an instrument to her onward career, glorying in her respectable birthright, yet ever with a modesty and humility of mien, recollecting that of her it shall never be said —her glory is departed!

TEXAS AND OREGON.

Many statements have gone the rounds of the letter writers, relative to the pending questions in relation to these two subjects. In general, at the gist of the matter, we will begin with some of the latest publications. The Madisonian says:

"We have authentic advices from Texas, showing that, with the exception of one member of the Senate, the Texan Congress and the Congress of the Republic are unanimously in favor of annexation. We have likewise the intelligence that if Texas be not annexed to the United States, she will declare herself a colonial dependency of England, and an instrument to rule the commerce and manufactures of the English States.

"If the Executive of the United States should see fit to make a treaty of annexation, however, we make bold to say, for the especial benefit of the Intelligencer, that he will be wholly influenced by patriotic motives. He will not obtain or seek to obtain any personal interests. When sent in, should the treaty be made, it will be for the Senate in the Senate only, to ratify or reject it. The Senate will doubtless act with a full knowledge of its duty and responsibilities, whether a treaty annexing Texas, or one asserting our indisputable title to Oregon, or both, be laid before them."

The legal guilty to a little obtuseness relative to the last clause of the second paragraph. It takes two parties at least to make a treaty. The Senate, Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Calhoun and the United States may be those two parties, but what two, or more are to make the treaty.

Something of a similar little to Oregon. Either this means nothing, which is quite likely, or it means that Great Britain has entered into negotiations with the United States for our claim to the Oregon—which is not quite likely.

Special Minister from Texas is probably by this time in Washington, the terms of an arrangement between the two countries having been fully discussed and agreed upon; and we incline to think that there is no doubt whatever that a treaty will be made, and presented to the Senate for its action, at the present session. Perhaps it is already before that body. Some of the leading men of this country have already come out in favor of annexation. Mr. Webster, in a letter to certain inhabitants of Worcester, strongly opposes the annexation. Mr. Woodbury, Senator from New Hampshire, has, on the other hand, written a letter to a Committee in Carroll county, Kentucky, on the subject of the annexation of Texas to the United States, in which he says he thinks no constitutional objection exists, and that he considers it his duty to act in accordance with that opinion

Buffalo, from Detroit, the navigation of the

ol six attempts were ent'uildings in Boston

Congressman, has been ir his speech upon Mr.

tional.

COLLEGE.—The annual Washington place Musical Fund Hall, in of M. D. was conferr- Drs. Isaac D. D. L. D., ent, upon 113 graduates ed the exercises of the ent Valedictory Address delivered by Professor ent and excellent perform-

t, of N.Y., was admitted gree of M. D., and the conferred on Drs. Isaac Micah, all of Pennsylvania.

nual session of the Board College of New Jersey, at ent, the following gentlemen had conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine- ia in attendance upon the was two hundred and four

of M. D. was conferred, on enty-three of the medical with the University of the ber of which a portion of ge Faculty was delivered by

ncement of the Medical De- College, St. Louis, took ntained. Honorary degrees of the Institution, and the de- enty-seven other students.

thirty-six graduates at the l College on the 6th inst.

Intelligence.

NCTION, DIRECTIONS. — City s elected the following gen- of the Public Schools, all but been directors heretofore:—

ard—Jas. Lang, James Mc- l L. Dewitt, Charles Kirk- ilkinson, George Abbott, Wil- . W. Moore, Henry Leiber- th, George Emlen, Jr., John C. Latta, Joseph E. Mellhen- ilding—Hugh Craig, Christopher, nomery.

ST.—This anniversary falling was celebrated by appropri- ions. Business was generally day following by parades and ub military companies looked ace, and the occasion was ations, dinners, &c., with a ity.

REPOSITORY.—We learn that of the Public Schools have ar- ting of the large Estel Memo- ch will be erected on the Girls' School. The Controllers will l use the best Equatoral and ent to their Observatory. The ard of Commissioners of the es, last week, elected the fol- on Directors of the Public ing Secretary:—Lawrence, S. Snyder Lady, Thos. Hol- Curtis, John T. Brown, Wil- ichard G. Lening.

ELECTIONS.—The election for ors, &c., took place on Friday h there were many contests, thing went off in good order

on steam tow boat, designed Island and Raritan Canal, is about London, N. J.

ıp & Navy.

n on board the United States was visited a few days since, down a cartridge, by the pre- of the gun, and one of the ers. It will go to Japan as a pre- Every year similar accidents ercot. This is attributed to the the charge is rammed home the flannel is loose and thin, the grains of powder to sift ugh between them, and the ignite when the flannel contains ction, (which for a few years ere was the cause,) and the ard instead of wollen. The ment will not allow the use of ge, and the powder is pre- it cannot sift, and which will a heated gun, and such acci- ve occurred since the pre- e cost from four to eight times

ent."—This ship, which has fully repaired at Norfolk, has n go into dock again. When ain, she was discovered to be ed, and she would be fitted ion, which has been expended, will take the winnie of the ma- to taxation all real estate, all personal property, including debts due from solvent debtors, all ations except bank stocks, all mortgages in Pennsylvania, all licenses over the value of three hundred dollars, and all of the occupations except farmers, &c. It is very intri- ing to observe the adjustment of the Tariff to each Main, both sailed from St. ll salmon.

mer Princeton, now an object interest, has returned to the ion city.

gs of the Dead.

NRIE LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.— ner, well known in this city by s, and his misfortunes, the in- ance of which has excited the New Orleans, on the 7th inst. ral three children followed the ember Senate, and the communi- Messrs. Dillinger and Smith were concurred in, and the funeral obsequies of the late Mr. Morvine postponed for three days.

Much private business was discussed. Many bills were reported, and among them a bill to prevent trespassing, and to set off a part of Salisbury. A similar bill is before the Senate.

In the House, the tax bill was further de- bated. Mr. Cessna, of Bedford, spoke against it.

In Senate, Friday, March 15. A large num- ber of bills were reported from Committees. The petition of the people of the State for the amendments were concurred in. An amend- ment offered by Mr. Black was adopted, pro- viding that nothing in this act shall be con- strued to prevent further legislation.

In the House. The Senate Bill was de- bated on official amendments, but the section is so intricate and full of exceptions, that it is neither profitable nor easy to follow them.

In Senate, Saturday, March 16. The vote concurring the House amendments to the Pro- hibitory Bill was reconsidered, and in one, the Senate non-concurred. [In the Monday fol- lowing, the Senate receded from its amend- ments, and the bill passed both Houses.] The business, this day, was principally in relation to Corporations, &c.

In the House, Mr. Smith, of Berks, called up his bill to prevent over issues of Relief Notes, by imposition of penalties. It passed and was sent to the Senate. The Appropria- tion Bill, for the session, was reported, and made the order of the day for the next Wed- nesday.

In Senate, Monday, March 18. The Tariff Resolution was taken up, and was in debate when the House Resolution was received, and a motion to concur was entered upon. It was amended by the insertion of cotton, silk, and ready made clothing.

In the House, Mr. Straub called up his Tariff Resolution, and offered a substitute therefor. Mr. Bromfield offered still another substitute, as follows:

"Whereas, The present Tariff promises to improve the prosperity of the country, and has tended to American industry the encouragement ne- cessary to the development of its great re- sources; and whereas, perma- nency in our revenue laws is indispensably necessary for the protection of the capital and the labor embarked in manufacturing and agri- cultural pursuits, therefore be it Resolved, That we consider the present tariff laws, and can alone insure and advance the prosperity of the two great interests which, combined, constitute the wealth of the nation; and wherever a bill is now pending in the Senate of the United States, the operation of which would affect injuriously the important interests mentioned, it ought to be defeated.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to our Senators and Representatives and Congress, with the vote and ays attached."

Mr. Tassey offered an amendment, declaring the Tariff sufficient for revenue sufficient for protection, but without the amendments. The resolutions then passed, in the above shape, every member present (90) voting for them.

The Tax Bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole, and the clauses taking coal and lumber off the list, and fisheries, was stricken out. The debate continued till the hour of adjourn- ment. In the afternoon many private bills were passed.

In Senate, Tuesday, March 19. The Tariff resolutions were debated, the question being principally on an amendment proposing to sub- mit it to the Senate for the House resolutions.

In the House. The Tax Bill passed Com- mittee of the Whole, without any important amendments from the first draft.

Congressional.

In Senate, Wednesday, March 13. The In- dependent Treasury Bill was taken up in the House. Several persons and other bills were read. A petition was presented, and re- ported from committees to whom they had been referred.

Among the petitions presented was one from Mr. Buchanan from Western Pennsylvania, praying that the Constitution may be amended so as to declare that the supremacy of God may be acknow- ledged therein. Another petition was presented from the citizens of Boston, praying that the same may be done. Mr. Buchanan said he had

constrained and absolved. His wife pushed the decanter toward him. He declined—blushed —murmured—caught the contempt when there were no witnesses—poured out a full confession of his folly without attempting a word of extenuation or apology, and then he was at home again. The victory was still in his wife's hands—but this was not wise enough to make her advantage. Poor woman! she. The husband had made ample concessions, and was entitled to something of the same nature on the part of a considerate forgiveness. But she was not wise. She kindly but coldly received his apologies and promises, and left a sense of insolence fell from her that she was in any measure accountable for his folly. The fact that she was so accountable, and was grieved that she humiliated him by preserving the cold aspect of a pure judge, when she should have met his advances in a kindred spirit of more than the conqueror of a hundred fields. He had gained a victory over himself, and it was against the nature of a considerate woman to be used in the unfavorable world, he was exposed to none of that cruel chastisement to every smarter. Of these, the limits of whose powers, the simplicities of whose pleasures, found their sole entertainment than market coffee, and pastry.

"Isn't this rather insipid?" he asked of the severely dismal who served him.

"He-ah! He-ah! He-ah!" giggled the shrewd woman who officiates in the high capacity of waiter or sweeper. "Ah is what's a good one. Why, grumpity, Mr. Tim muffin would taste in your front, Mister. It isn't salt, Mister, or scalding nugget gin! He-ah! Well that air is a good one."

The day before, Bushnell would have joked with impunity at the offender, but he was burned with shame that he was thus addressed. He looked round, and was surprised to see that nobody else was astonished. One man only waited, as if he expected amusement from his reply. He smiled sickly.

"Come dare you, Tim," the woman resumed—"I mean front, Mister. It isn't, but mebbe dis morning. Come—I gib it to you, Mister, for nuffin. I'm good to dem wid a white man, if he do sleep in de fish market."

Bushnell bowed [illegible] and groaned almost aloud. But who was to notice old Tim Muffin? The investment deck laughed. The girl at whose table he sat, at length begged him to make room for others. He started at the sound of her voice, for it gave him a shock to the feverish dream which had been harassing him. He rose—he knew—that is, mechanically—and she voice! He regarded her so fixedly that she turned her head from him, and beckoned for assistance. A watch lying near him suffused him. It was not, but it was a token of sedition and all that, left to run upon their own recognizance, and the great agitator himself is at his post. He smiled on the waiter with a conviction recorded against him, on every count of an indictment of eleven. Aside from all considerations of personal peril, Mr. Bushnell resides with his wife and daughter—the girl who furnished the coffee on that Saturday morning, sits at his side, while the wife of his youth and of his age, perishes over their early breakfast. The watch, an heir loom in his family, no longer goes to market, but ticks above the mantelpiece—more than a mere monitor of time, from his history and associations. His other children are settled in the world; this daughter shared her mother's varied experience, and the present now, witnesses the peace of the declining days of her parents.

We have not spoken of the melancholies of fortune which befel the widow, as she deemed herself during the first moments from her husband. All are now content in temperate poverty, and never recal the past, except to regret that they had not taken their duties to each other without so long and assertive a delay. The "Times" has not yet risen above the market cable table, since the last week spoken of as among the certain—a capital sell for some honest tea-trailer, and places she will never more fill. Times are already on the mending hand with the whole family in the strict enjoyment on a capital investments always yield a thousand fold—for the well-directed exertions of a father will keep wolf from any door when Bacchus is refused admission.

Educational.

JEFFERSON COLLEGE.

We have since last week barely in receipt of the annual announcement of Jefferson Medical College in this city, and give to day a list of the professors whose name was conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine:

George W. Allen, N. J.; Benjamin A. Allen, Jr., Tennessee; John Bell, Ohio; Wm. Bell, I. Antony, Ala.; Elisha J. Bayly, Va.; Wilson Bayly, Pa.; Samuel Gordon Bailey, N. Y.; John Bayon, Pa.; James Bell, Pa.; Wm. Bell, Pa.; Wm. W. Barcroft, N. J.; Peter Grissmer Bertholtz, Pa.; Thomas W. Blanchard, Del.; Charles H. Brossier, Pa.; Silas S. Brooks, Mass.; George W. Brown, Pa.; Alexander Bell, Pa.; Wm. Bell, Nelson Burt, N. J.; Wm. H. Burr, Pa.; Reuben C. Callaway, Geo.; Archibald H. Caldwell, Pa.; John S. Carpenter, Pa.; Henry T. Child, Pa.; Courtney J. Clark, Pa.; Wm. Cochran, Pa.; John Cox, Del.; John Conrad, Pa.; John Cox, Pa.; Edward Cronin, Jr., Pa.; Albert S. Cummings, Pa.; Benjamin F. Cummings, Pa.; Wm. Cummings, Pa.; Benjamin A. H. Edward G. Dennoyers, Mich.; Gideon T. Dimock, Pa.; Thomas W. Evans, Pa.; Wm. W. Durham, Geo.; Samuel Emanuel, Pa.; Wm. H. Hacker, Del.; Wm. Hamilton, Del.; Wm. Hamilton, Del.; Wm. Hamilton

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Remarks sent always save the Post Office removal *form*, as well as it which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

WM. A. TRAVELLING, of BOSTON for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilson.

Mr. C. W. JANES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for that city and vicinity. He is authorized by *Messrs Hooker, Jar. B. Smith, G. M. Cornwell, J. Dorsey Sewall, Wm. Marshall, & Co.*

JOHN SUMMO, Carlisle, Pa. is our Agent for that town.

ROBERT M. LEWIS is endorsing for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-West, including Florida, Louisiana, Texas, &c.

Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stone, and Henry Pratt.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, Postmaster for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES Pierce, Postmaster for us in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, for April, is established with a splendid mezzotinto engraving, entitled "The Bird Nest." The picture accompanies the first month's subscription price. The fashion plate contains four figures, colored, and is the prettiest we have had this month. There are upwards of twenty tales and poems in the number, all original, and from such writers as Mrs. Sigourney, Lydia H. Sigourney, Mrs. Ellet, and others of high rank in the literary world. This is the only periodical, we have seen, which has the low price of two dollars that affords original embellishments and contributions like the three dollar magazines. We guess the success of the reports of fashions are well established; and, on this and other higher grounds, it seems to be quite a favorite with the press. Here is what the press and subscribers say of it.

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—Mr. Peterson's neat and excellent periodical has appeared for the month of April, and the embellishment in front of the book is a looking over what has been prepared, and although the number is a large one, we find that the fair editress must have had a pretty extensive list of contributors to select from, which are embodied in the literary contributions. Chaste, agreeable and entertaining, and the most substantial kind of truth with fiction—they will be read with an unfailing interest, and we hope the fair editress will long be spared to do us—and therefore it is to society.—*U. S. Gazette.*

The Engraving is also a beautiful one, and is entitled to the best article is "The Widow's Revenge," by Mrs. Ellet. The miscellaneous articles are pleasing in their character, the admiration, with which they are universally regarded by the reading public, and we have no doubt that the present style—a newer embarrass in her imaginings—and a fresh and vigorous one, will add to the list of her already numerous admirers in the profession of Magazine contributors.—*The New World.*

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE. *Edited by John Inman. Philadelphia: Joseph R. Chandler & Co.*—The April number of this work contains a beautiful steel-engraving—"The Emperor and the King," and an other engraving—"The Duellist." The literary matter is interesting, and appears to be from the pen and generally of an attractive character. Among the list of contributors we recognize the name of one of the best writers in the country, and in the few months that it has been published it has established for itself a reputation second to none to widen the desk here engross.

SHAKESPEARE. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.*—The edition of Shakespeare which we noticed some time since has commenced to make its appearance, being a serial. The first number contains a portion of the tragedy of Hamlet. The New York papers speak highly of the work, and the liberality of illustrations into the work, which will make it one of the most splendid editions of the bard of Avon. A portion of the designs will be by R. W. Weir, Esq., and, from the artistical talent of Leslie.—Verplanck, the work will be an honor to the American press.

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN CHEMICAL ANALYSIS. *By Dr. C. H. Pfaff, Professor of Chemistry in Kiel. Translated from the Second Edition, and Revised by Professor Silliman, Jr. and J. L. Hodisch. Philadelphia: G. Appleton.*—This is another of those valuable works which the proprietor of the Library of Science is giving to the world, which the clergyman of books in this country puts within the reach of the most humble desirous to possess it. The pronounced one of the best treatises on the subject which has ever been published.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.—The April number of the Magazine published by Peterson & Co. and edited by T. S. Arthur. We notice a large number of tales and sketches, besides a goodly share of the contents, and will always be a leading one, where original matter is sought for. The contents are various and interesting, and the embellishment is a view on the Susquehanna.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE received this magazine for March, and a most attractive number it is—neat in typography, and interesting in contents. From the name publishers we have no doubt but it will be a work of the embracing combination of the best matter in weekly and the interesting and valuable monthly.

NEALS PORTRAITURES.—IV. of this work contains a portrait of Washington Irving, and a brief sketch of his character in eight numbers. It has been received by Perkins & Purves, and for sale by Zieber & Co.

BOYS AND GIRLS LIBRARY.—The April number of this work has been received by Zieber. It is one of the very best publications for the young, for juveniles and challenge comparison at every respect.

GODEY'S BOOK.—No VII. of Godey's Rome, with Memoirs of Distinguished Females, by Mrs. Sigourney, price and is for sale at Zieber's, and at Perkins & Purves.

LADIES' MORAL LIBRARY. *Philadelphia: Bedford & Porter.*—No IV. of this work has been received and contains six pieces of moral, various and well selected.

THE LADIES' COMPANION. *New York.*—The work for April has been received by Zieber & Co. and contains an interesting array of reading matter.

KENDALL'S Family of Lovers' format the third part of "Sargent's Literary Gift," has been received by Zieber for sale by *Zieber & Co.*

KENDALL'S Family of Lovers. *New York: Harpers*—No IV of the serial has been received by Zieber & Co. and Perkins & Purves.

PRESIDENTS AND MANUFACTURES.—Colton has sent us several numbers of the current works on those somewhat popular topics.

State Legislature.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, March 20. The House resolution relative to the tariff passed the Senate, after some discussion, without any amendment. The vote was 30 ayes and 2 nays, the latter resulting voters only. That was Mr. Sparkman, who did not believe that the House had the right to introduce resolutions sufficient. [They were published in last week's paper.]

The Truck bill was read by a to vote. Several little and beautifying were read in place, and among them were: Joint resolution relative to the Bank of Gettysburg paying money out of the State Treasury. Also, a bill relative to the publishing payments out of the Treasury for various improvements in Lancaster, Columbia county, in the place of Charles G. Donnell, &c.

The bill to repeal the several acts of the Pittsburgh Division of the State works was detailed in relation to the sale of the Pittsburgh and Erie Railroad.

IN THE HOUSE, Mr. Tustin read in place a bill to fix the compensation of Canal Commissioners, &c., according to services rendered.

The Appropriation Bill came up, and passed Committee of the Whole without amendment, on the question of passage to a second reading, relative to the Lancaster, Columbia and Columbia county, in the place of Charles G. Donnell, &c.

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Selected Poetry.

THE PARENT'S TRIAL.

On yonder mead that like a wondrous lake
Shines in the glow of summer's cloudless heat
Is bounding, playful as the breeze now feels,
Light as the fawn that dances by its side—
Creatures of beauty, with her tripod limbs
And graceful neck, and eye of darkling light.
To whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
A glory, and the earth one page of love.
And beyond his house, and gazing with his eye,
Stands the young father, and his budding lip
Dares to express his fondness in a smile.
Vainly he would dismiss the brightness of the form,
Love and affection o'er him prompt their sway,
And nature, like a sense, unseals him with
A thousand feelings. The heart-strings will bound
From out the flowery, our sting his body bend;
The hands are his; from him the soul seems
Impatiently the flower-eyed mermaid borrow
Beneath the foam, to mount the playful breeze.

To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
And like the sky-bird hail the bright-cheeked morn
With gleeful song, then o'er the blushful mead
To chase the butterfly, and with the bee
With early strenuous, to toil by sprightful hive,
Or in the cowslip cup to sip the dew-drop,
When the young breezes laugh them into life:
Or listen to the infinite ocean roar
When the dark surges of the storm are wove?
From night and mound he catch intense delight,
And infant gladness from each happy face
Those are the guileless duties of the day
And when at length exposing crowns the queen,
Ivy wave, he sonties in the welcome couch,
Of all known cares upon his cheek, to dream
Of heaven, till morning wakes him in the world.

The worm hath chosen from a crowded room
Where mournful glimmers of a yellow sun
Lie dreaming on the walls! Unbreezed and
And dumb with agony, that precious head
Wet a pale canopy in the cold bed.
Their silken ears, the laughing, loving lay,
Their rosy mouths, and all the tones of Death
Death hushed him, and he died and slept away.
Death as a gay lover's fancy; fresh and cold
As is the rose's bosom that it woos,
Like violet lips at eve, he lies exacted
An offering to the grave! but now, or when
I wronged from heaven, his spirit hath returned,
To live in helplessness at the side
Of sinless babes, unparalleled there.

Popular Lectures.

GLIDDON'S LECTURES.

Mr. Gliddon, after alluding to the partial destruction of the Pyramids, by the removal of the sculptured records upon their walls, the desecration of private tombs, and mutilation of statues prior to the Christian era, at different dates and for various causes, now to mark a conquest—and again from mercenary motives, went on to show what has since befallen these time-honored records—valuable not only as relative to art, but history—at the hands of comparatively modern delvers.

He says about the third century after Christ, upon the influx and diffusion of Christianity in Egypt, the hermits, anchorites about to make their final rest for religion, or their want of knowledge and absence of better employment, gathered a few coins from the byestanders. But it is not so. The hour of parting is often almost like the bitterness of death. But the hope of time in this, as in all other cases, effaces the bitterness of grief. The plaintiff *Come Here*, is necessarily a very common one upon this occasion. Accordingly it visited this place, not long ago, wrote the following amusing lines

Ask any question in this town,
If easy one, by night or noon,
The answer will be always found,
Round Cape Horn."

I ask the ladies where I call,
"Your husbands—are they here or gone"
And get the answer from them all,
"Round Cape Horn."

I asked a child I chanced to meet,
"Where is your pa, my dear, the more"
She answered, with a smile most sweet,
"Round Cape Horn."

I asked a boy, as on he skipped,
"Where now, my lad, at early dawn?"
He answered, "for he then had shipped,
Round Cape Horn."

I asked an aged man, one day,
How time had passed since he was born.
"My years," said he, "have passed away
Round Cape Horn."

I asked a sailor, bound away,
If he'd visited scenes where he was gone,
He said, without the least delay,
"Round Cape Horn."

I asked a merchant for a fee,
He turned, and answered me with scorn,
"My property is all at sea,
Round Cape Horn."

I flew to a merchants' store,
And the laborer bid me go begone,
For all he had, and more, was near
Round Cape Horn."

I asked a orator, whose I was,
Quite flatly frowned, in sulks and leave,
"Whose I am, indeed, I'll be answered—La'
Round Cape Horn."

I asked a maiden to my son,
Who sighed, and looked to me forlorn,
"My heart is his, but his is gone
Round Cape Horn."

I asked a widow why she cried,
As she sat lonely, taking on,
"Her husband, Oh! had sailed around
Round Cape Horn."

I asked a member of the dead,
From whom support she long had drawn,
"Where I'm supported?" the answer said,
"Round Cape Horn."

I did. "I'll be your father, know"
To boys as mischief on the keen.
They all cried out, "We must go
Round Cape Horn."

In fact, I asked a little boy
If he could tell where he was born.
He answered me, "I was born at sea
Round Cape Horn."

There's science a thing I chance to see,
Brought here the island to adorn,
But either sex, and every race
Round Cape Horn."

Then merchants, sailors, women, men,
The old, or children lately born,
Tell all inquiries, where or when
Round Cape Horn."

Of dangers on the deep we've been,
To various any not to name,
The seriousness of all is to please—
Round Cape Horn."

I suppose that the author of the above lines does not claim for them any high degree of poetic merit, but they are pleasantly illustrative of the peculiar state of society upon this island. Not long ago, I called upon a lady whose only daughter, a lovely girl, of about fourteen, was dying. The husband was around Cape Horn, and no tidings whatever had been heard from him for fifteen months. Everyone had, however, come to the island that a large ship had been wrecked upon a reef, on the route of the region where he was known last to have been cruising. It was therefore argued that a missing ship would ever be heard of more. In the course of a few weeks, however, a letter came from the absent husband, who had been cruising in the Pacific, full of the most encouraging assurance of health and prosperity, and that he might be expected home in about a year. The letter was written in one of the bays of the severest with which I have ever been acquainted. A young man, of ardent sensibilities, and of noble character, took command of a ship, and made his first voyage as master. He left a youthful wife upon the island. In the whale fishery, success is the only criterion of merit, and he knew that should he fail in this voyage, all his prospects in life were blighted. He was very successful, and had nearly filled his ship with oil. In returning, in a storm, upon a reef of rocks, and entirely wrecked. He landed with his crew upon one of the islands of the Pacific, a paradisiac man, with all the results by means of tool suddenly made in the ocean, and fearing, that as he had lost his ship he never could be trusted with another. The anguish of his heart-broken and sensitive mind was intense, as to destroy his reason, and he now lives in a house among the islands of the Pacific, in friendlessness and suffering, a broken-hearted maniac. Every morning, he asks him if at home, weeps over the calamity which has befallen her husband, a thousand fold more than death. There are no words which can describe such a sorrow as this.—*N. Y. Evangelist*

* Alluding to a child whose mother accompanied her husband on one of his voyages.

DON'T FRET.

This is a world of ups and downs, of crosses and contrariety, of fret, every day turns up something to disturb the tranquility of one's temper. The very moment that patience is tried, comes like caustic applied to a sore. It inflames, but it cures at last. A fretful spirit is never happy and it drives happiness from all other spirits with which it comes in contact. We say, most of the world goes wrong, and it does that pretty often, don't fret. If a man cheats and runs away, don't fret. If a man cheats and runs away, don't fret. If a man cheats and runs away